

cautious what he does, as there is such a place as the Castle St. Angelo.

Tom Clavering has run away with, and married, a girl of Angers, Mademoiselle Calais. He was placed there to learn French, and she is daughter to the person who lets the lodgings. He is positively bent on fulfilling his engagement.¹

Apropos of this, old George Clavering's hobby-horse is *roads*; and if they are mentioned, all other ideas vanish in an instant. I was engaged in very serious conversation with his wife on the subject of this unlucky marriage of his son's. She was in tears, and very anxious to persuade me to tell what answer I had from France about the lady. George

¹ A curious anecdote is related at Angers, relative to this event. It appears that the young person of whom Mr. Clavering was enamoured and had agreed to elope with, and who was the daughter of a wax-chandler, changed her mind, or, at all events, had not courage to leave her parents' abode at the hour specified. She had, however, a *confidante* in her cousin, to whom she communicated her embarrassment.

This young lady, who it appears was secretly in love with Mr. Clavering, and who was not tormented with the same scruples, instantly made up her mind to supply her friend's place. She therefore muffled herself up, and, favoured by the darkness, safely joined the expecting and impatient lover, who instantly placed her in his carriage, drove

off, and did
not discover his error until the following day. It
is said that
the beauty and grace of the *confidante* quickly
consoled him
for his disappointment, and that he further
expressed himself
perfectly satisfied with his conquest. Such is
the story. I do
not vouch for its veracity.